The life and Death
Justice designe the Victors Chivalr
Lord Marshall, command our offi
at Armes,
Be ready &c &c — —

End of 6.th page.

Be ready to direct these home, Alarmes. *Exeunt.*

Scæna Secunda.

Enter Gaunt, and Dutchesse of Glocester.

Gaunt. Alas, the part I had in *Glosters* blood,
Doth more solicite me than your exclaimes,
To stirre against the butchers of his life.
But since correction lyeth in those hands
Which made the fault that we cannot correct,
Put we our quarrell to the will of Heauen,
Who when they see the houres ripe on earth,
Will raigne hot vengeance on offenders heads.
Dut. Finds brotherhood in thee no sharper spurre?
Hath love in thy old blood no liuing fire?
Edwards seven sonnes (whereof thy selfe art one)
Were seven vialles of his sacred blood.
Or seuen faire branches springing from one roote:
Some of those seuen are dryed by natures course,
Some of those branches by the destinies cut:
But *Thomas*, my deare Lord, my life, my *Gloster*,
One Vial full of *Edwards* sacred blood,
One flourishing branch of his most Royall roote
Is crack'd, and all the precious liquor spilt;
Is hackt downe, and his summer leaves all vaded
By Envies hand, and Murders bloody Axe.
Ah *Gaunt*? His blood was thine, that bed, that wombe,
That mettall, that selfe-mould that fashion'd thee,
Made him a man: and though thou liu'st and breath'st,
Yet art thou slaine in him: thou doest consent
In some large measure to thy Fathers death,
In that thou seest thy wretched brother dy,
Who was the modell of thy Fathers life,
Call it not patience (*Gaunt*) it is despaire,
In suffering thus thy brother to be slaughter'd